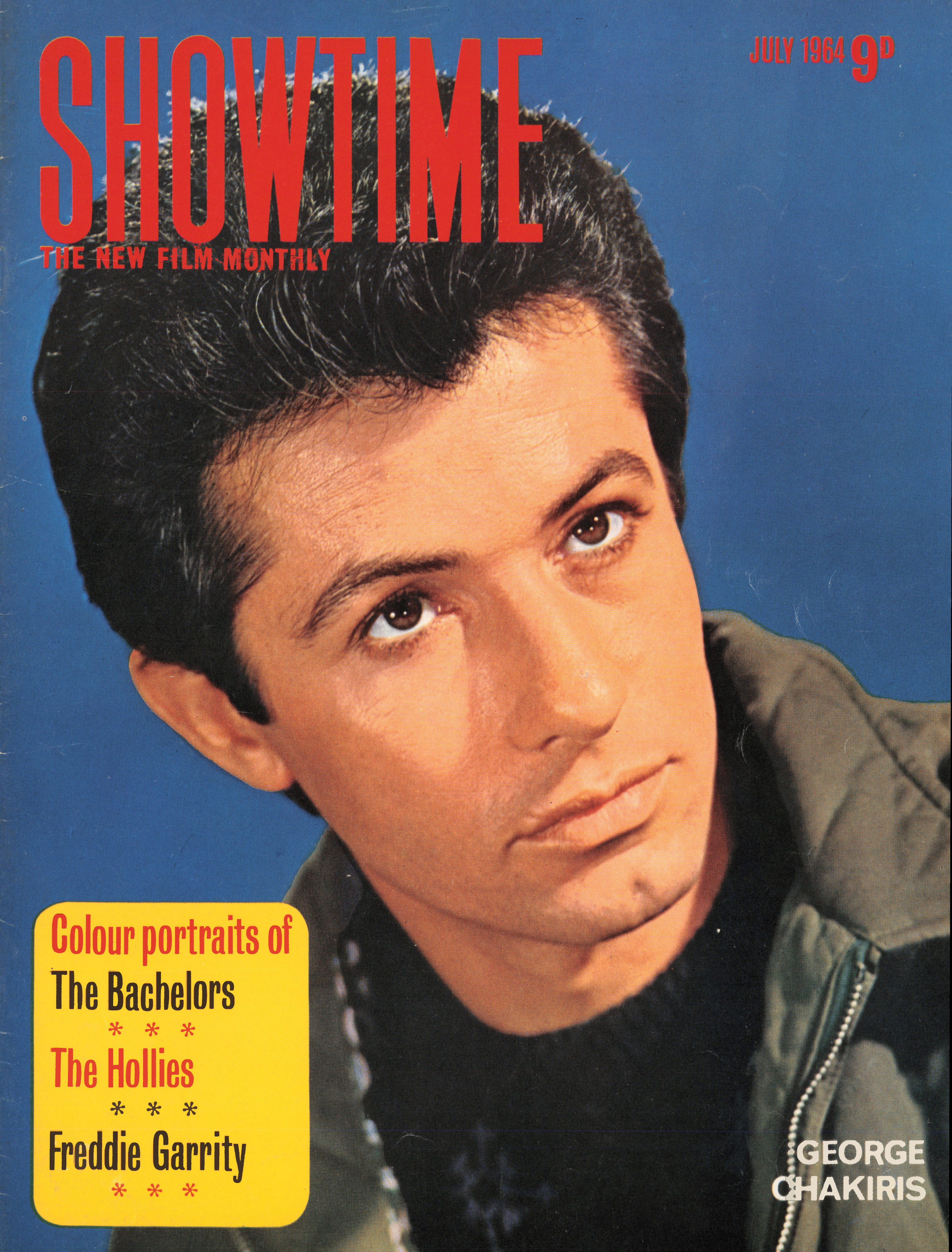
SHOWTIME

THE NEW FILM MONTHLY

JULY 1964 9D



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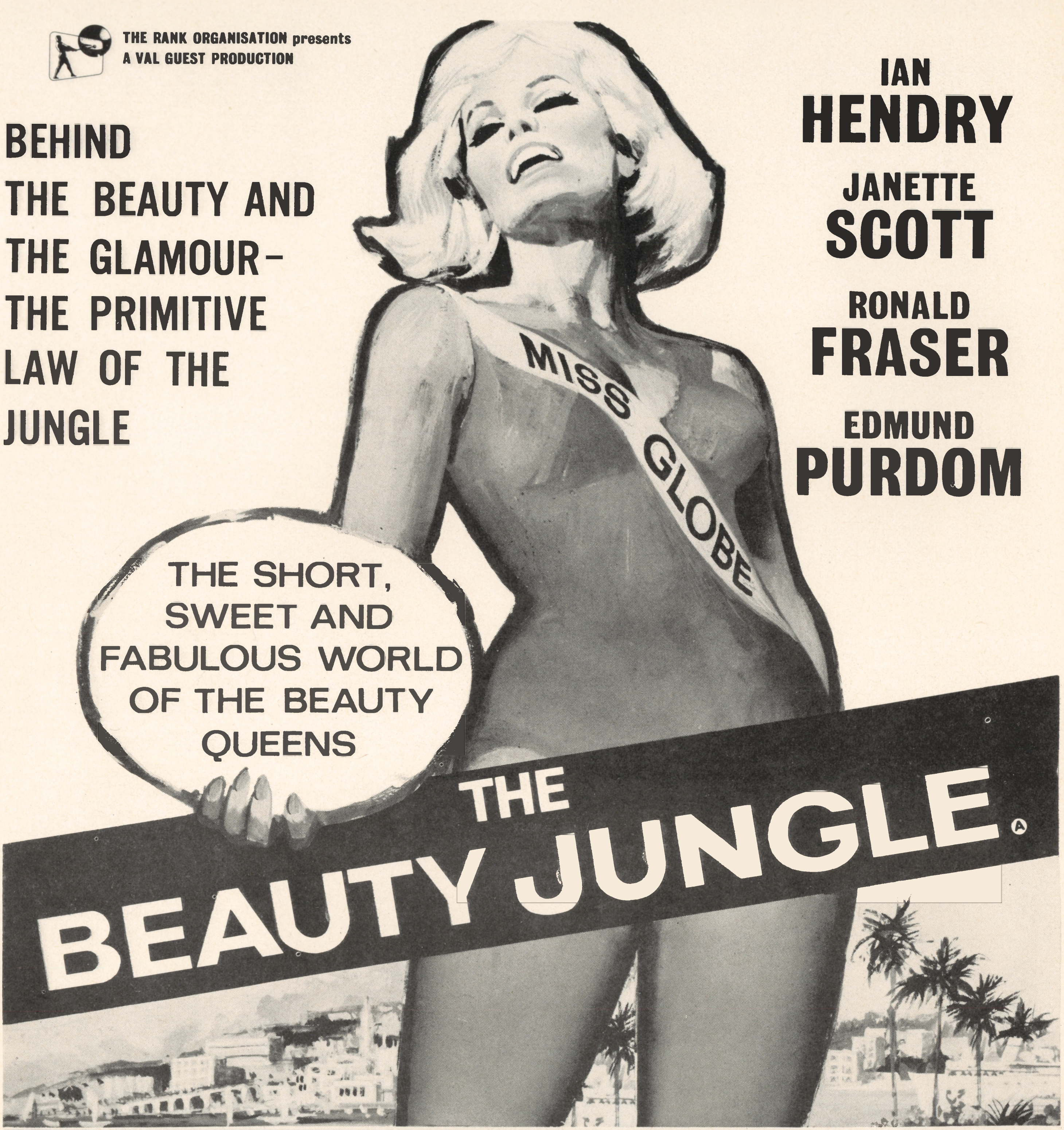

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Memo from the editor of Showtime to all readers:

There is an important announcement on page 14. It concerns the next edition of Showtime. There's a lot to interest you **before** *you reach page 14 - but we won't blame you if you take a quick look now . . . .*

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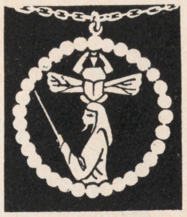

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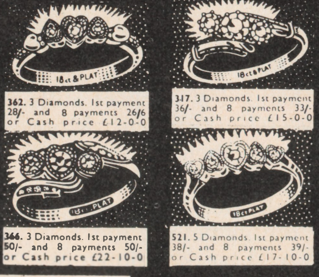

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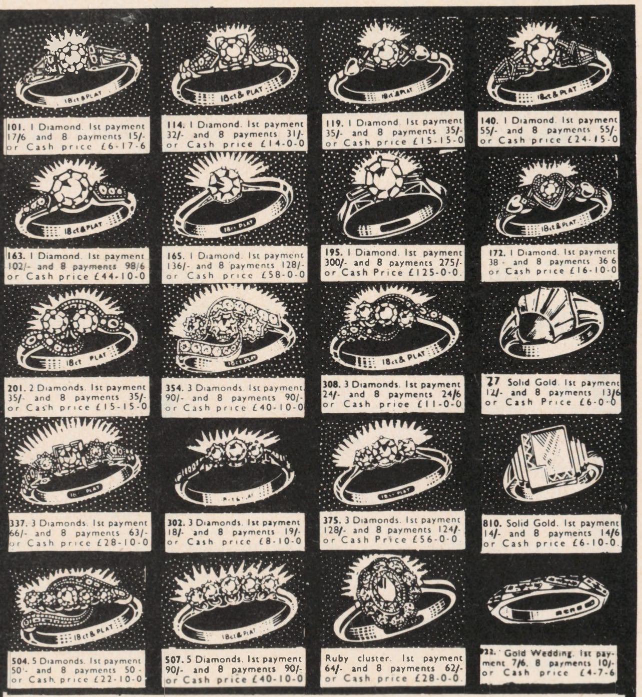

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SHOWTIME

THE NEW FILM MONTHLY

© Rank Theatre Division Ltd., 1964

July, 1964

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Art Editor: **Eddie Gillbe**

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FILM**** GOSSIP

Edited by Tony Crawley

The truth about those James Bond costumes

WITH a budget of £750,000, you would imagine that our famous secret-agent, James Bond, would be equipped with a wardrobe of new clothes for his third film, *Goldfinger*. Clothes designed with 007 in mind. But, I can tell you, it isn't so.

When I walked on to the set at Pinewood, I discovered **SEAN CONNERY,** as James Bond, relaxing—in a white bath-robe with the initials "A.R." embroidered in blue on the pocket.

What's this, I wondered—an alias? Or something he had borrowed from a fellow actor? Surely not. It certainly looked fishy. Hence my on-the-spot investigation, designed with "M" in mind.

Who, and where, was A.R.? He (she?) was my only clue. Then my identikit memory was stirred, not shaken. Last time I'd seen Bond—er, Connery, that is—he was in *Woman Of Straw* playing Anthony Richmond. A.R. That was it!

Taken down

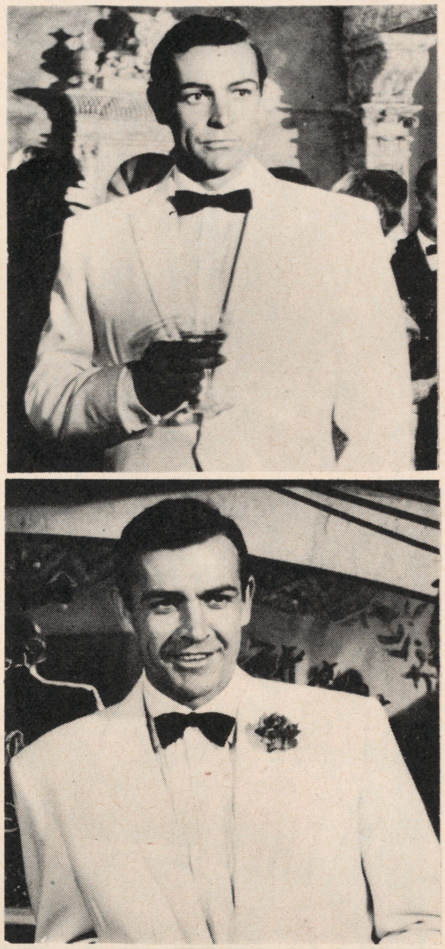
I was then handed a stack of stills from this new 007 assignment. More clues . . . Flicking them through I noticed Bond wearing a smart white tuxedo jacket and, later, a grey suit . . . I'd seen those outfits before, too . . .

Leaving the set I tracked down one Michael Relph. Film producer. Last project: *Woman Of Straw*.

I cautioned him, reminding him that what he said might be taken down and used in evidence. He didn't seem to care. With a bleak "the-game's-up" expression he came clean . . .

"Yes, yes," he admitted. "We sold Sean's *Woman Of Straw* costumes to the Bond company for *Goldfinger*."

Where, I wonder, will they turn up next? Be sure I will let you know.



Two different films—but Sean Connery is seen in the same white dinner jacket.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, RICHARD BURTON'S DRAMA TEACHER IS . . . ELIZABETH TAYLOR. HE REPORTS: "SHE HAS TAUGHT ME SUBTLETIES IN FILM-MAKING WHICH I NEVER KNEW EXISTED—AND WHICH, MADDENINGLY, I COULD HAVE DISCOVERED FOR MYSELF IN MY PREVIOUS FILMS . . ."

WARREN BEATTY can pick 'em. For his own production, *Mickey One*, his co-stars include lovely French-Canadian Alexandra Stewart and Playboy's Playmate of the Year, Donna Michelle.

Having given up the film business, Brigitte's sister, MIJANOU BARDOT, has opened a chain of Paris beauty shops. Best-selling item: BB-style wigs!

Showtime brings you the latest showbusiness news

Man with the most impossible film plan I've heard in years is director BLAKE EDWARDS. After two Peter Sellers comedies he's aiming to film *Planet Of Apes* from the shock novel by Pierre *(River Kwai)* Boulle. It's about a French astronaut rocket-ship wrecked on a planet inhabited by monkeys—who live, work and dress just like humans. They drive cars, go to night-clubs—and visit zoos to look at humans! And, of course, it's the humans they always experiment on, and send off in their test rockets . . . ! Tell me, how on earth—or any other planet—do you film that?

"IT'S LIKE HAVING A BATH WITH ALL YOUR CLOTHES ON." THAT'S HOW JOLLY **JOYCE BLAIR** *DESCRIBED THE DRENCHING SCENES IN* THE WILD AFFAIR. *"IT TAKES PLACE DURING A WILD CHRISTMAS OFFICE PARTY," SHE SAID, SHIVERING AT THE MEMORY. "NANCY KWAN GETS DRUNK AND TURNS ON THE CEILING FIRE-SPRINKLERS—AND WE ALL GET SOAKED. THREE TIMES WE HAD TO DO IT. TERRY-THOMAS DIDN'T MIND, THOUGH. THEN I FOUND OUT WHY. HE HAD A RUBBER SKIN-DIVING OUTFIT ON UNDER HIS SUIT. CRAFTY SO-AND-SO!"*

"He has the strange quality of elevating his acting into something odd and mystical and deeply disturbing. It will be fascinating to watch him in the years to come—because he hasn't even really begun yet." That was RICHARD BURTON on PETER O'TOOLE that was.

When ELVIS bashed his valuable head during *Roustabout*, they added a motor-cycle crash scene to make use of his all-too-genuine black eye. And on *Ride The Wild Surf*, they suddenly had to invent a TWO-piece male swimming costume for husky FABIAN. He contracted a skin complaint after shaving his chest to look young in the one-piece!

MARCELLO MASTROIANNI is fast emerging as the biggest screen heart-throb in the world. His teaming with **SOPHIA LOREN** makes them a pair to beat most others. They're going to make one film a year together for a long while. Their next film is *Marriage—Italian Style*, costing three million dollars . . . which is how much their last film, *Yesterday, Today And Tomorrow*, made in just 69 days in Italy!

GUESTS ARRIVING AT A RECENT PARIS FILM PREMIERE WERE EACH PRESENTED WITH A HANDSOME BROLLY, AND HAD TO ENTER THE PLUSH CHAMPS ELYSEE CINEMA UNDER A SWIRLING RAINSTORM—MADE POSSIBLE BY A STUDIO RAIN-MAKING MACHINE. THE FILM? *UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG.* WONDER WHAT THEY'D DREAM UP FOR *NOAH AND THE FLOOD*?

Ian Fleming's latest rival in the spy-fiction field is civil servant JOHN LE CARRE. His big success,* The Spy Who Came In From The Cold*, will be filmed soon with Burt Lancaster starring and Paul Newman producing. On the subject of 007, Le Carre said: "He's just a male Brigitte Bardot—and I hate his middle-class tastes." NASTY!

Titles of the year: *Here Lies Leonard Sillman, Straightened Out At Last . . .* and . . . *Did Ya Hear About Dodi? She Married A Movie Star.*

SHIRLEY EATON is very excited—about her next ten years. "I've just started the second phase of my career, darling," she explained huskily. "For the first ten I was, if you like, the-girl-next-door. Suddenly I'm 27, darling. A woman! So it is womanly, earthy, sensual roles I'm after now. And I'm getting them, too. The only way to do that, darling, is to work for American producers. Unlike the British, they really want feminine IMPACT; sensuality from within."

Shirley in *Goldfinger*.

DORIS DAY *NEED NEVER HAVE A DIRTY CAR AGAIN. AMERICA'S AUTOMATIC CAR-WASH ASSOCIATION WAS SO AMUSED BY HER CAR-WASH SCENE IN* MOVE OVER, DARLING, *IT AWARDED HER A GOLD CARD—FOR* 10,000 *FREE CAR WASHES*!

JAMES MASON *has taken up painting. His subjects include his co-stars in* Lord Jim*—Peter O'Toole and Dahliah Lavi. He is currently completing his sketches at his Swiss home.*

JERRY LEWIS MUST HAVE THE BIGGEST HEART IN HOLLYWOOD. ON HIS 38TH BIRTHDAY THIS YEAR HE INVITED 100 ORPHANS TO HIS MANSION FOR A PARTY—AND GAVE EACH ONE A WRIST-WATCH!

SHOWTIME JULY

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Star-finder

I've always said it, and I see no reason to change my view—Britain's top woman producer, Betty Box, is still the best star-finder in the business. She's helped make many of our top cinema personalities (Dirk Bogarde, Michael Craig, to mention just two) and she discovers stars for the Continent, too. It was Betty Box who first gave an important role to Brigitte Bardot, in *Doctor At Sea*, Yoko Tani, in *The Wind Cannot Read*, Claudia Cardinale, in *Upstairs and Downstairs*, and now the beautiful Sylva Koscina, in *Hot Enough for June*! Who will be the next BOX-office success, I wonder?

Pat Readish,
Clement Street,
Swanley,
Kent.

Peaceful visit

I'm delighted to hear that my screen favourite, Anthony Perkins, is coming to London for a film. His last trip, for location scenes on the Brigitte Bardot film, *The Ravishing Idiot*, was all too short because of BB's fans who stopped shooting. When he comes for studio work on *The Unknown Battle*, with Elke Sommer and Stephen Boyd, I hope he has a long, enjoyable—and peaceful—visit. And time to meet his fans . . . quietly.

Rita Bean,
Langham Street, W.1

My favourite

Of all the gorgeous girls the American film industry manages to turn out, my favourite is that long-legged lovely, Paula Prentiss—a star newcomer in the field of comedy. Has she any new films coming out in Britain?

Peter Rich,
Woodstock Road,
Oxford.

(Yes, she has—and opposite two of the most popular leading men in the business: Rock Hudson in *Man's Favourite Sport*? and with Peter Sellers in *The World of Henry Orient*.)

New name?

I'm delighted that the delicious French actress Anouk Aimee is to co-star with Charlton Heston and Rex Harrison in *The Agony And The Ecstasy*. This really takes her into the big time.

However, I do wish she'd change that name. Anouk Aimee—it's almost as bad as Tuesday Weld!

Jack Bonding,
Deacon Hill Road,
Boreham Wood,
Herts.

What next?

I've just read that an American film company has made a picture called *Robinson Crusoe On Mars*, with ex-sports star Paul Mantee as Crusoe.

What will they think of next!

Jean Pearson,
Croxley Green,
Herts.

All change

I know producers have the right to change film titles at the last minute, but hasn't Charles Feldman gone too far with his production starring William Holden and Susannah York?

Originally the film was to be called *Wherever Love Takes Thee*. Since then it has changed six times, the last two titles being *The Seventh Dawn* and *The 7th Dawn*. What difference the numerical change makes I can't think. No doubt he has his reasons for the changes—but it doesn't half make it confusing for a simple film fan like me!

Henry Williams,
Kensington Park Gardens,
London.

Romy Schneider - she wouldn't turn a hair

What a frighteningly sophisticated woman Romy Schneider is! Whenever I see pictures of her she is magnificently dressed, with not a hair out of place, and whenever I read an article on her I get a picture of a super-intelligent girl who knows all the answers.

Romy is always cool, calm and collected. You get the impression the world could end and she wouldn't turn a hair.

I admire her for all this—but wouldn't it be nice to see her let her hair down now and again? If only to prove she's human!

Maurice Keets,
Ickenham,
Nr. Uxbridge,
Middlesex.

Gregory Peck - what a husband he must be!

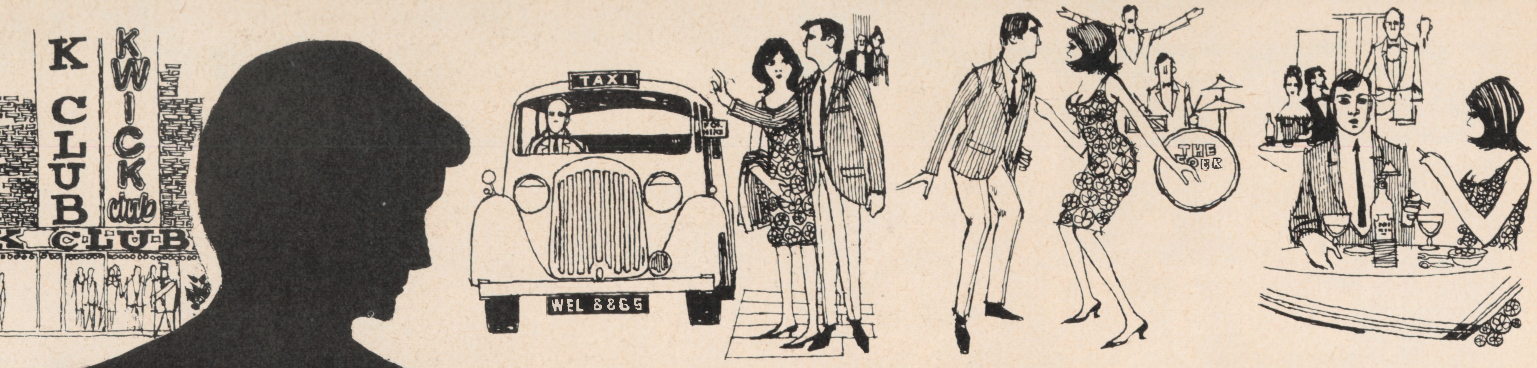
If you listen to most women who have been married to actors you would believe that they make terrible husbands . . . they come in late, they are conceited, they think only of their work, they take no interest in the home . . . these are just a few of the complaints I have heard.

How lucky, then, Veronique, Gregory Peck's wife, must consider herself! By all accounts Mr. Peck makes a wonderful husband, despite the fact he's one of Hollywood's busiest actors.

Certainly Veronique is not complaining. I read an article the other day in which she said her husband had a great sense of humour, was an excellent time-keeper, loved to get away from his work and spend time with the family and took a great interest in their home.

All that—and he's handsome, too! Some people have all the luck . . .

Marion Waters (Miss),
Whitton Avenue,
Ealing, London W.5



WOULD YOU ENJOY A DATE WITH TERENCE STAMP?

SHOWTIME TALKS TO THE MOST POPULAR BACHELOR

*Of all the young bachelors in showbusiness Terence Stamp is, perhaps, the most popular with the opposite sex. A dashing character-extraordinary, Terry has dated some of the most exciting actresses in the world—and they all enjoyed the experience. But how would **you** get on with Terry if he took you out? We put 12 questions to him. His answers will help you decide whether he is your idea of a perfect date—or whether he is one eligible bachelor you would be quite happy to let get away..*

Where would we meet?

I'd pick you up at home—unless you lived too far out! Then I'd arrange to meet you at one of the theatrical clubs I belong to in town. You'd meet a lot of showbusiness people there. I like it because no one stares at you. It's discreet—and a good place to start the evening.

How would we travel?

By taxi. Or maybe in my new green Mercedes. Well, it's not really new—it's a 1959 model. I got it for £1,500 and it goes like a bomb. But I usually take taxis in town because of parking difficulties. I've had enough tickets!

What should I wear?

Anything casual—but not scruffy. I hate dressing up myself, but I like a girl to look smart. Not over-dressed, though. I can't stand that. Anyway, I don't go to restaurants where you have to wear a tie. I was asked to leave one in Leicester Square just recently—I won't go there again! Probably you'd find me in my favourite sweater, dark trousers and boots.

Would it matter if I were a little late?

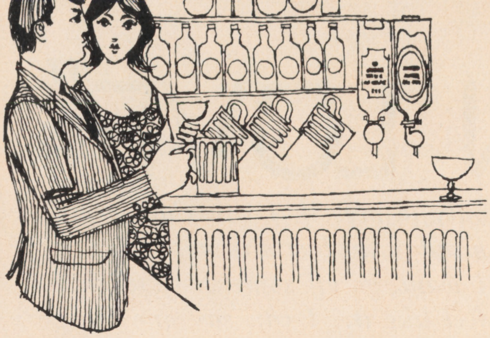
Yes! You must be punctual. I'm never late myself, and I can't stand being kept waiting. We'd get off to a bad start if you turned up late.

What would we drink?

If you want to be like me you'd drink whisky and water at the bar, and wine with the meal. I don't mind what sort of wine, though I like full red wines best. But it's fine with me if the girl doesn't want to drink. A lot of folk scorn teetotallers; I don't.

Where would we go on the town?

First we might go to a film. Something not too heavy. Horror pictures are good for a giggle. Then we'd eat—but preferably fairly late. I'd take you to any of the good restaurants where theatre people go.



IN TOWN

What would you eat?

Something English. Roast beef is my favourite. Otherwise I'd go for a good steak.

What would we talk about?

Not me. I'd want you to talk about yourself—I'm interested in people and places and I might even try out my French on you! I've been learning it for over a year. I'd like to talk about jazz, cars and films—though, frankly, I'd be quite happy to forget all about pictures while I was relaxing.

What must I not do?

The thing that puts me off any girl is if she wants to show me off to people. I've known girls to suggest a place and I go along with her, only to find a crowd of her mates there goggling at us. Also, I don't like a girl making decisions for me. I like to think I can give her a great time without any help.

After the feast, what then?

We might go to one or two late-night clubs I know for some dancing. We might go to my flat near Buckingham Palace—it's a great address!—for some records.

What time would we go home?

It would depend whether I was working or not. With a studio car calling at 6 a.m. I would have to catch up on some sleep. If that's the case I would call 1 a.m. late. But when I'm not filming—the sky's the limit.

Would we have another date?

Certainly! If we'd had some fun . . . and got on well together.

"I like a girl to look casual, but not scruffy," says Terry

"I'M UNLUCKY IN LOVE"

AT the party Susan Hampshire sparkled like a diamond and put in the shade the other elegant thoroughbreds draped around the room.

Over dinner her laughter came at me across the table as rich as the wine she sipped.

But it wasn't until we returned to her tiny house, a hoot and a holla from Stamford Bridge, Chelsea's famous football ground, and the coffee and brandy had been poured, that she really settled to talk—and when Miss Hampshire, a girl who poleaxes with her personality, gets cracking it is difficult to get a word in edgeways.

"When we met last I was making Thomasina,*" she began, after curling up in the corner of the sofa. "Since then I've made two films—*Night Must Fall *with Albert Finney, and* Wonderful Life, *with Cliff Richard—and, if you haven't noticed it already, I'll tell you: I've changed quite a bit. A year has done a lot for me."*

I'VE GROWN UP

Without prompting she continued: "I'm happier now—but I'm quieter. Before I used to jump around and shout about how happy I was. I wasn't really happy at all. Not in the true sense. The trouble was I expected too much from life and from people. I honestly thought I was God's gift to men and to showbusiness and it was quite a shock to discover I was not.

"I've grown up." went on Miss Hampshire. "I've become more realistic. And you know who helped me quite a bit? Cliff Richard. Cliff has a wonderful outlook on life. I was always wanting what I couldn't have, but Cliff said it was useless worrying and the best thing was just to accept and enjoy what you have and make the most of each day. It's a simple but sensible philosophy—and it works. He's a terribly down-to-earth boy is Cliff."

She paused for a moment to pour some coffee.

Then: "You know what I'd really like—to get married. I always feel this way at this time of the year when I see the babies in the park and the couples going out together.

"But I'm terribly unlucky in love. I've been in love twice and in each case I've ended up unhappy. The person who said the most charming romances were the unfinished ones didn't know what he was talking about.

"Of course, people imagine that young actresses have dozens of boyfriends. Well, I'll tell you something: I haven't had a proper, steady boyfriend for two years.

"And don't think this is a sob story, because there's only one person to blame—Susan Hampshire. It's the life I've cut out for myself, but it's not what I wanted. I've always wanted to make myself good for someone, a perfect woman to love. And now I've suddenly discovered—that's not what a man wants! The perfect woman frightens a man. He thinks, 'Oh, she doesn't need me. She does all right on her own'.

"The ghastly truth is you become so damn independent," continued Miss Hampshire. "Look at me now—I've got my own house and I have to answer only to myself. I can change my mind at the last minute, eat when I want, go off somewhere when I feel like it. I can say one thing today and completely the opposite tomorrow and no one is going to pull me up.

"I suppose the answer is I haven't met the man I will marry. If I did meet him I'd forget about everything except my love for him.

"Shall I tell you what frightens the life out of me? Growing up and, at the end of it, having to admit I'd made no one happy. I know it's futile looking after yourself and not sharing everything you have.

BIGGEST MISTAKE

I don't think I'd be difficult to get on with. I wouldn't try to change a man. You can't change someone to suit you and you can't change yourself to suit someone. There's no need to. I think people, when they marry, should be rather like a railway track—the two running parallel but one never tries to snatch the other over. It's a question of accepting instead of demanding.

"Men need an awful lot of love," she added. "And perhaps that has been my biggest mistake. I haven't given the friendships I've had the care and attention they need."

Before I left I told Miss Hampshire she had changed—but, I wondered, was she really *as happy as she was when last we met? It didn't seem so.*

"Oh, I am," she assured me. "I've realised happiness doesn't lie in possessing much, but in hoping and loving much. I know that now. I didn't before."

** SUSAN HAMPSHIRE TALKS TO PETER TIPTHORP **

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Produced by WALTER SELTZER · Directed by GUY HAMILTON

Screenplay by KEITH WATERHOUSE and WILLIS HALL · From a Novel by HOWARD FAST

Theme Music by LIONEL BART Orchestral Music Composed and Conducted by JOHN BARRY

CINEMASCOPE PICTURE

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THE DICK TATHAM COLUMN

All the latest POP news

The Bachelors plan for the future . . .

"WHAT have you done with the money?" I asked.

The Bachelors—who had been lounging comfortably in their dressing room — suddenly looked slightly startled. As if I was trying to connect them with a bank raid or something equally sinister. But they grinned as I explained, "The money from your hits. 'Charmaine', 'Whispering', 'Diane', 'I Believe'. You must have made a fortune. I know you put some of it into the West End musical—*Pocohantas*. There was also some talk about buying a flying boat. But that is as far as I've got."

"*Pocohantas*," echoed Dec Cluskey. "A thousand quid of ours went down the drain on that. The flying boat? We were keen to run a club in it offshore at Brighton. Then someone topped our offer and that was the end of that. But these were only two moves in our main aim in life—which is to make the grade as business men."

"We're not kidding," chimed in brother Con. "No use keeping money stashed away in a bank account, apart from a small kitty, that is. Most of what we earn, we invest. Out manager—Philip Solomons—advises us. So does our accountant. We follow our investments like crazy. We watch the financial columns the way most singers watch the Top Fifty."

Up spoke the third Bachelor—John Stokes: "For one thing, we have our own music publishing company. Then we have shares in radio and electronics of all kinds. Then there are dairies; we have a lot of money in that field."

He went to the make-up table and poured himself a glass of milk from a quart bottle.

"Might as well give business a boost," he said.

The Bachelors insist their interest in big business is strongly rooted in doubts about their Top Fifty future. This may sound odd when you think that since "Charmaine" was released in December 1962, only one Bachelor disc—"Faraway Places"—has been anything less than a thumping hit. But it is not so odd when you recall how often chart toppers have become floppers in little more time that it takes to spin a disc.

"I think you have a specially good chance of lasting," I told the Bachelors, "because yours is a *general* appeal—not just a teenage appeal."

"It's thanking you for those koind words that we are," said Dec—doing a take-off of "stage" Irish. Then he added seriously, "The thing is, we love showbusiness. If the day ever comes when we've had our run as performers, we will still want to be connected on the business side. So even though *Pocohantas* cost us that thousand, it certainly hasn't put us off showbusiness investments. No, sir!"

GREAT WORK by Decca in producing their three-volume series, "Hollywood Sings". These discs are fascinating for anyone who has an interest in the musical history of the movies. They recall many golden moments. Such as Bob Hope and Shirley Ross singing "Thanks For The Memory," Mary Martin's "My Heart Belongs To Daddy", Tony Martin's "If It's You"—which he sang in the Marx Brothers' classic, *The Big Store*.

Irene Dunne may, for years, have been noted as a character actress: but here is her 1936 rendering of "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" from the Astaire-Rogers film *Roberta*. Also included are Carmen Miranda's "South American Way", Dick Haymes' "It's A Lovely Night For Singing", Dorothy Lamour's "Moon Of Manakoora" and other great songs.

GUESS YOU'VE heard about A Band of Angels—the five ex-Harrovians who have gone into the beat biz. I had a long chat recently with two of them—John Baker and Michael d'Abo. Their view is: "Beat music is a wonderful leveller. Brings a common interest to young people of all walks of life. Gives them a togetherness. One which does no harm to anyone. We're proud to be in the beat world—whether we are playing at a deb's party or a one-night concert."

John, Mike and other Angels—welcome to the club!

WHETHER YOU think the Rolling Stones are right or wrong in not liking uniforms for their stage act, the fact is that this is not just a gimmick. I remember sharing a meal with Mick Jagger almost a year ago—when the Stones were still fighting their way up.

"Why no uniforms?" I asked.

Said Mick in down-to-earth tones, "We never have worn them. We feel more comfortable in our ordinary clothes. So it's not a question of us saying why we DON'T wear them, but of someone explaining why we SHOULD wear them." Guess no-one has explained. Not to their satisfaction, at any rate!

TWELVE-STRING guitars have become very much the thing recently—but a member of one of the newer arrivals to disc fame claims he was using one nearly 18 months ago. He is Fritz Fryer, lead guitarist of the Four Pennies. You can hear some slick work by him on it if you listen to a recent EP called "The Four Pennies".

This group, by the way, is being tipped by people in the business as a strong bet for a long run at the top. In other words, its zoom up the charts with "Juliet" is just the beginning of its success.

I agree. I've met the boys—Fritz, Lionel Morton, Mike Wilsh, Allan Busk—at a few parties. They are as lively and swinging as the sound they make. They also have a raring-to-go manager, Alan Lewis, who is only 26-years-old.

Alan told me over lunch the other day, "Funny thing, I found the group, of all places, in a tent! That was last summer—at a garden fete in Burnley. The weather was so bad, they had to perform under cover. First thing which struck me about the boys was their fabulous rhythm. I think I have a fair ear for that. You see, I have interests in the car world—and it probably comes from listening critically to all those engines!"

Continued overleaf

THE BACHELORS

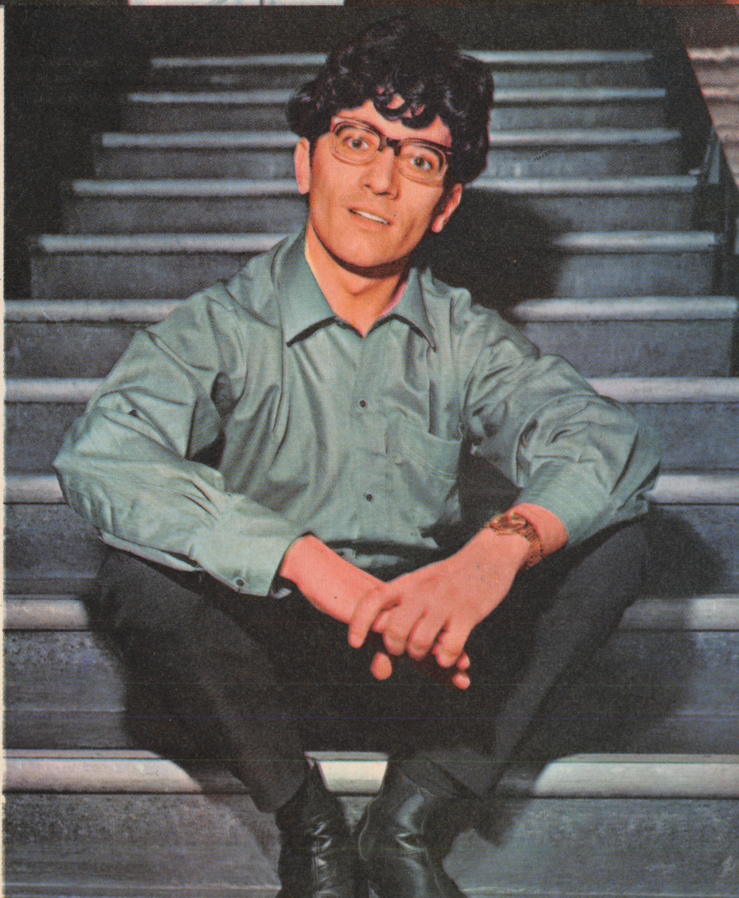
THE HOLLIES

The Dick Tatham Column (continued)

I'm glad to see the Hollies have been among the British groups to hit the American disc charts in recent weeks. Their record "Just One Look" made its mark very nicely, a deserved success for a group who have been building their popularity steadily and surely. They have been in the disc world only just over a year now. They have achieved plenty in that time. They will, I am sure, conquer even wider fields in time.

FREDDIE GARRITY

Among the pop performers appearing in a new musical film called *Just For You* are Freddie and the Dreamers. I hear the incomparable Freddie—while making the film at Shepperton—had everyone in fits not only while he and his group were in action before the camera but also by his unofficial antics during the breaks. Freddie is, without doubt, one of the best natural comics Britain has produced in years.



The Showtimers * * * * * are an instant hit!

The Showtimers, Showtime's own group, whose first record was launched with the publication of last month's edition, were an instant hit. Almost everyone agreed that their debut record was tremendous—and thousands of Showtime readers sent in for it.

Now the Showtimers have recorded their second EP and, if anything, it is even better than the first. Certainly the boys—Dave Seaton, Peter Tiffin, Colin Boulter, Bill Freeman and Paul Bennett—believe it is.

The EP, which includes four records straight from the top of the hit parade plus two original numbers, is available **exclusively** to Showtime readers for a bargain price of 5/–. All you have to do to get a copy is fill in the coupon on the right and enclose a Postal Order for 5/– to cover the cost of the record and postage. You can hear the record at your local Odeon or Gaumont.

Titles on the second Showtimers' ***EP are; A Little Loving, Can't You See That She's Mine, Here I Go Again, I Love You Baby, We Are Al'Right, You Must Be Joking.***

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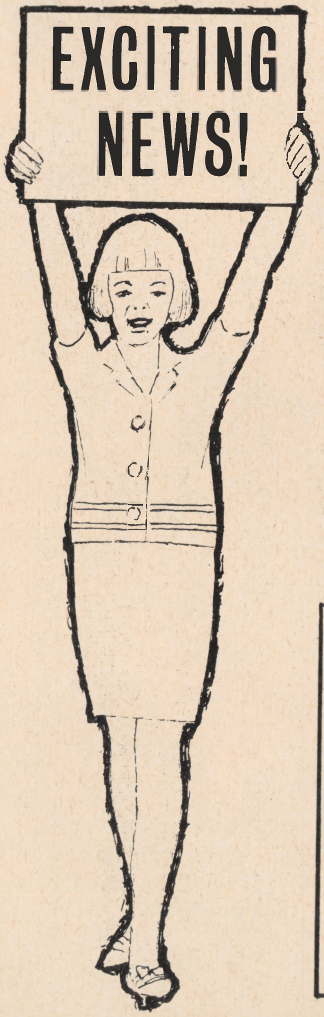
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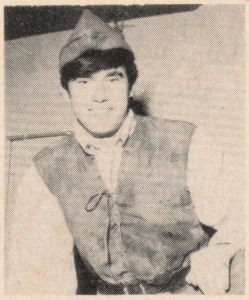
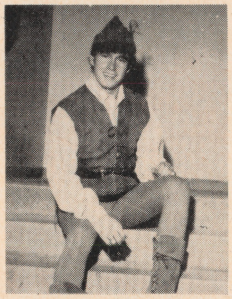




LOOK WHAT HAPPENED WHEN WE INVITED THE DAVE CLARK FIVE TO DRESS UP!

With so many pop stars making films these days we wouldn't be at all surprised to find well-known singers and instrumentalists turning up in parts other than those specially designed to suit their particular talents and personalities.

Speak to any pop idol and he will soon tell you there is one particular part he is longing to play. Certainly the Dave Clark Five have their favourite characters—characters they'd give anything to portray on the screen.

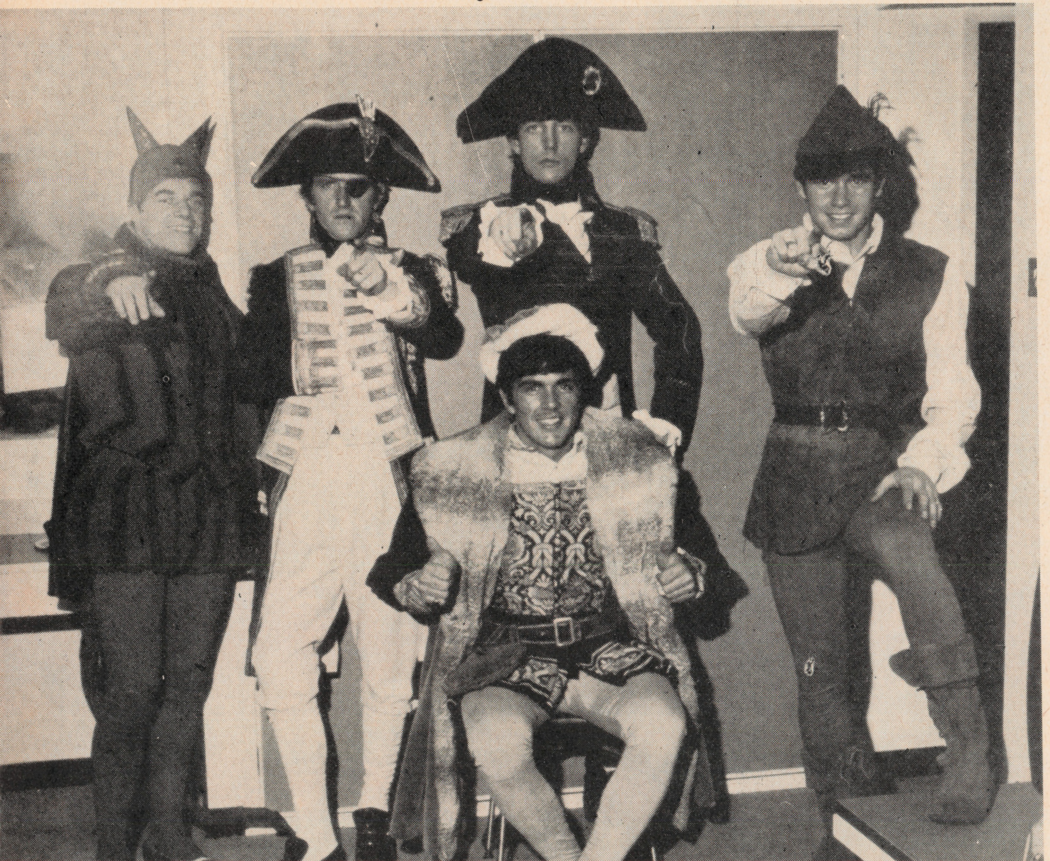
So we gave them the opportunity to show producers just how they would look dressed up as these famous characters.

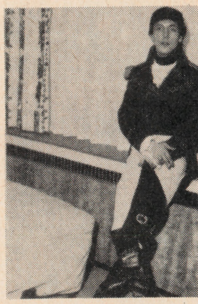
And what an hilarious experiment it turned out to be!

Dave, for instance, chose Henry VIII, while Denis Payton picked Robin Hood. Rick Huxley selected Lord Nelson and Mike Smith picked Napoleon. What about Lenny Davidson? We hate to tell you—but he chose to play the Devil!

Turn the page and you will see how Showtime's crazy but fascinating experiment turned out . . .

The Dave Clark Five get together in their costumes.

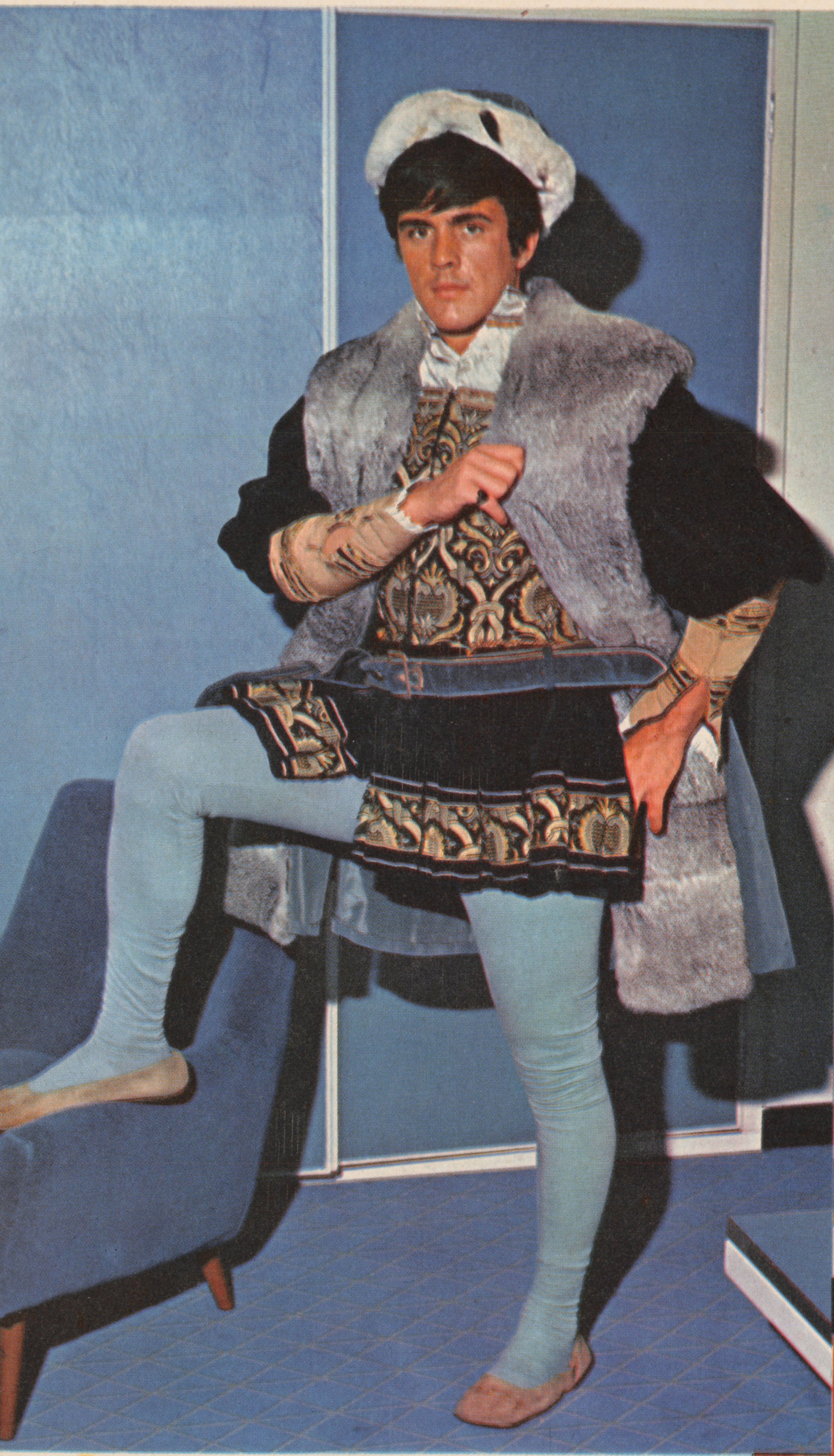


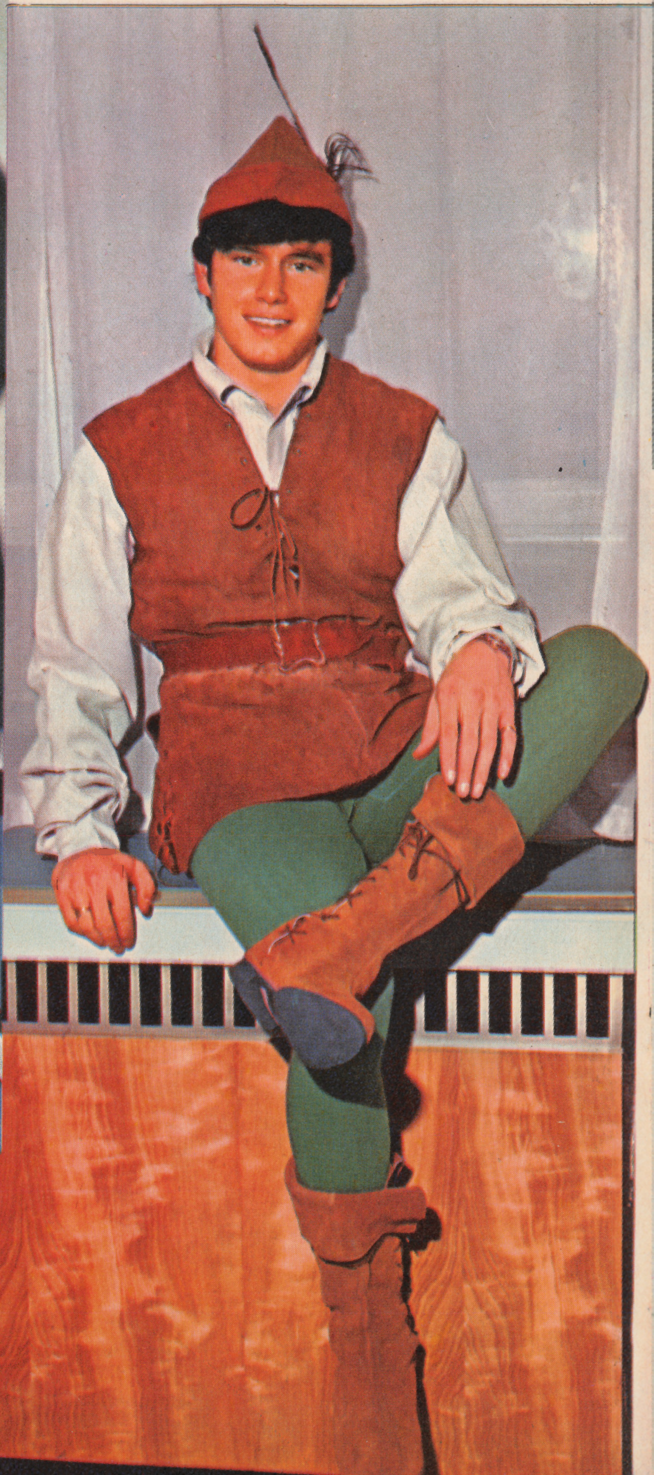


Showtime's photographer spotlights a famous group—but would you recognise them?

Cor blimey —

Here they are - the Dave Clark Five dressed up as the characters they would most like to portray on the screen. We think their selections showed great imagination. And the boys had wonderful fun posing for photographer Philip Gotlop.





Above: It's Dave himself, dressed as King Henry VIII. "I find him a fascinating character," said Dave. "Mind you, if I ever did play him I'd have to put on some weight!"

Right: Denis Payton seen here as Robin Hood. "Robin had so much fun I'm sure I'd have a ball playing him," said Denis. "He was a real swinger. He enjoyed an outdoor life and so do I."

you should 'ave seen us ! ! !

Left: Who's that hiding behind the Devil's cloak? It's Lenny Davidson, looking as sinister and evil as possible. "I'm off down the road," he said when the session was over. "Think anyone will notice me?"

Bottom left: "How's this for a Nelson-type pose?" asked Rick Huxley. "I'd love to be walking around Trafalgar Square right now . . ."

Bottom right: "Napoleon was quite a character," said Mike Smith. "He's the man I'd like to play. Who's going to portray Josephine?"

YES — It's Sophia . . . but what a difference!

Sophia as she appears in *The Fall Of The Roman Empire*. In the film she plays the daughter of the Emperor.

If you have seen Sophia Loren in *The Fall Of The Roman Empire* you will be amazed at these pictures which come from her new Italian film, *Yesterday, Today And Tomorrow*.

They prompt me to say, once again, what I have been saying over the last few years—that Sophia is the greatest actress of them all!

In *Roman Empire* Sophia plays Lucilla, the daughter of the Emperor of Rome—and she looks every inch the part.

But in *Yesterday, Today And Tomorrow* it is a completely different Loren who looms on the screen.

Of course there's no mistaking those bold eyes and spade-shaped teeth flashing through those heartbreaking lips—but the three characters Sophia plays in this wonderful Vittorio De Sica film are completely unlike anything she has done before, and when you watch her it is difficult to believe it is the same actress you saw as the elegant Lucilla.

Sophia has a habit of pulling the unexpected out of the bag. Remember her shattering, Oscar-winning performance in *Two Women*? It was a performance of staggering virtuosity and even the most loyal fans of Elizabeth Taylor, Shirley MacLaine, Audrey Hepburn and other screen queens had to admit it would take a lot of beating. Sophia's range is staggering. She proves this in *Yesterday, Today And Tomorrow*.

The film tells three stories and Sophia stars in them all with Marcello Mastroianni. In *Adelina* she plays a Neopolitan black-marketeer who saves herself from going to prison by becoming pregnant. (The law says pregnant women may not be arrested.) In *Anna* she is seen as a rich woman whose material goods are more dear to her than her lover and *Mara* tells the adventures in Rome of a lovable prostitute, a fanciful customer and a mixed-up student priest. It is in this story that Sophia appears in her underwear—and pretty sensational she looks!

The joy of *Yesterday, Today And Tomorrow* is that it gives Sophia every chance to demonstrate her talent. The three stories are completely different and she slips into each role with ease.

"Sophia has matured tremendously as an actress," says De Sica. "With each film she learns more. She is the most exciting woman in films."

Few people look better than Sophia when they strip, as she proves in this scene from *Mara*, one of the stories from *Yesterday, Today And Tomorrow*. Marcello Mastroianni also stars.

If you saw her in ROMAN EMPIRE *you*

In *Adelina,* to avoid going to prison, she becomes pregnant.

will wonder – is it the same woman?

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HAYLEY MILLS
who stars in
The Moonspinners

WHY THIS FILM MEANS

He plays a second-rate concert pianist with a first-rate talent for woman chasing....

by Tony Crawley

In the small, private cinema the screen flickered to life and the bespectacled man, with the blonde by his side, sat back with a grunt, gazing at the flying credits.

Soon the blonde's lips curled into a smile as she watched the film's star make his first appearance in the film. Her companion watched the screen carefully. But he didn't laugh, although the film was a comedy. Once he seemed to relax. But not for long. This picture was too important for him to really enjoy it.

The film? *The World of Henry Orient*. The star? **Peter Sellers.**

The audience? Sellers, his beautiful Swedish wife, Britt Ekland—and a projectionist chortling in his room at the back of the cinema.

More often than not, during the film, the atmosphere was slightly tense. For Peter, this was a VIP—a Very Important Picture. The film marked his American debut and it is one of only two new Peter Sellers films that we can expect to see for a long while, since the nearly fatal heart-attack in Hollywood forced this man of a thousand faces and voices to take a deserved and long overdue rest.

Peter The Great says he won't be able to start working until next year, when he plays Fagin in the musical, *Oliver*. Somehow though, even after the effects of that terrible illness, I cannot see him actually waiting that long. For Sellers, the will to work is almost as strong as the will to live.

But for now, at least, it is the doctors and Britt who give the orders. And

Paula Prentiss plays one of Sellers' girl friends in the film. And who can blame him for falling for her ?

Sellers: he is hilarious as the phoney Henry Orient.

SO MUCH TO PETER SELLERS

they are begging him to be patient. So after the two films, released this year, it must necessarily be a long time before we will see him on the screen again in a new production.

That is why *Henry Orient* and the other film, *A Shot In The Dark*, are so important to Peter. They are milestones in a career suddenly and tragically halted, while he takes the longest break he has allowed himself since his sensational rise to fame as the world's top comedy actor.

Ironically, it was during Peter's last short rest that he agreed to play the bizarre pianist, Henry Orient.

"I broke my ankle during *Dr. Strangelove* and could not play my fourth role in the film," he recalls. "I went to California to recuperate".

Once the word was out that Sellers was in town, producers by the dozen swamped him with scripts. Many were "chucked out". From his "maybe" pile of 25, he chose four . . .

They included *Kiss Me Stupid*, which was in production when he had the heart attack. But topping the list was *The World Of Henry Orient*—"worldly wise, wry fun" he called it—written by the London-based American producer Nunnally Johnson and his daughter.

So it was director George Roy Hill who won the battle for Sellers.

"Everyone connected with the film was delighted we'd got him," says Hill. "There has never been a Sellers' film without a rich characterisation from the master. Our film is no exception. As Henry Orient, he is a preposterously preening peacock of a man."

Orient is a second-rate concert pianist—with a first-rate talent for girl-chasing. Those who come into his life include Paula Prentiss, Angela Lansbury and Barbara Nicholls, who wears the cheapest costume in the film—one bath towel! There are also seven beauties from the Miss Universe finals which Sellers helped judge.

A phoney

"Orient is amoral and lecherous," adds Hill. "He has a wardrobe that would make Liberace blanch. He has chestnut, wavy hair, a pencil-thin moustache and a foreign accent, which becomes rasping, harsh and common when he's caught off-guard. In short, Orient is a rogue—and a phoney!"

Throughout the film, Orient is plagued by fans. Two in particular worry him—a pair of gum-chewing, infatuated girls who are continually bursting in on him at the most inappropriate moments.

These girls—scene-stealers both—are Tippy Walker, 16, who is superb in the flashier role, and Merrie Spaeth, 15, who is excellent as the more down-to-earth girl swept along by Tippy's enthusiasm.

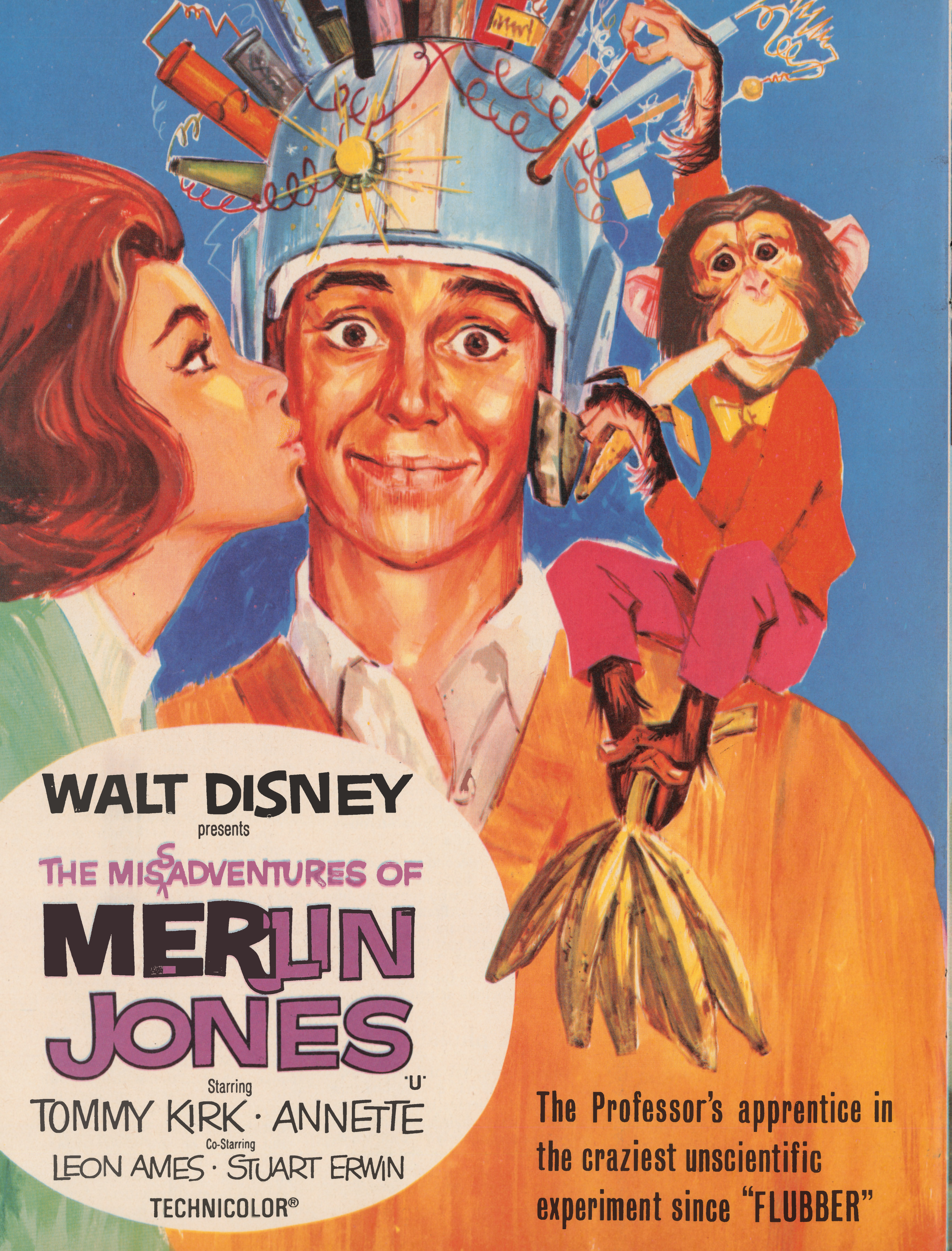
But throughout this very amusing film the spotlight is mainly on Sellers.

The concert scenes, incidentally, were filmed at Carnegie Hall. Sellers is an excellent pianist and he learned the specially composed "Orient Concerto" for the sake of realism. He picked up other keyboard tips from another member of the cast, pianist-actor Peter Duchin, son of the late Eddy Duchin.

Back in the small cinema the lights went up. With a cheery wave Peter thanked the projectionist, then left with Britt. As usual he was non-committal about his own performance—just raved about the two girls.

But you can be sure he was wishing he was to begin work on a new production the next day.

As it is he must be patient. And his millions of fans must be patient, too.



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ELKE SOMMER'S SECRET LOVE

"WHAT? You are suggesting I just think of work, only my career. Of course, I have been in love—I AM in love. I have been in love with one boy for several years now—only I have not talked about it."

And so it came out—the secret beautiful Elke Sommer has kept to herself ever since she started out on the career that has brought her to the top echelon of film stardom.

All the time Elke, daughter of a clergyman, has pursued her career (which at the age of 23 has given her a £50,000 home in Germany, a villa in Spain, an apartment in Zurich, five cars and a Hollywood contract) she has been in love with the same man, a student in her home town of Erlangen. A man far removed from the high-pressure life of showbusiness.

"You know," she told me quietly, "all the time I have travelled the world—when I made *The Victors* here, *The Prize* in Hollywood and back here again for *A Shot In The Dark* with Peter Sellers—I found myself thinking of him. I have found people you love never leave your mind.

"It is, perhaps, because of him that I am thought anti-social. I don't go to premieres or big showbusiness parties or functions. I don't feel comfortable at them anyway, but if I WERE searching for someone I might get around more. In Hollywood, when I made *The Prize* with Paul Newman, people were always saying '*You must go to this party or that club because it's good for you to be seen and noticed,*' But I did not miss anything by not going to them. I know that."

Continued overleaf

I have been in love with one boy for several years.

Elke confesses: "The thing I miss

When you have found someone then it's no use running around as so many do searching still further . . .

Continued from previous page

I asked Elke if she really thought marriage could work between a film star and a man who had not yet even finished his studies?

"No, I don't think marriage between us could work—at the moment," she said. "First of all I would not like a husband to run along behind me, or to follow me wherever I had to go. That would be awful. The man I would choose would not like it himself, so it's impossible for me to marry at the moment.

"I DO think that if I get to the point where Audrey Hepburn is, I will be able to do one or two pictures a year and have six or seven months free. Then I could be home every night and be a wife completely.

"I could not marry a man who would be prepared to give up his career for me. He'd have to make me very proud of him.

"I am the faithful type," continued Elke. "I know the temptations in my business are much greater than in any other if only because we get to meet so many people. But I don't think this ever affected me at all. I would, for instance, never fall in love with an actor.

"In my work a girl has to have a strong resistance. When you are kissing someone in a film scene you have to tell yourself you are not really kissing at all. I would never get confused between work and the real thing and yet I know it IS possible to do this because many have done it."

"*If you are in love with this person aren't you, in fact, denying yourself something real for the sake of the material rewards of your career?*" *I asked her.*

"I do not act for material reasons," she replied. "I want to become a good actress. It is important to me. I can't live without love, though. I could possibly live without my work now, but I would be unhappy."

Few happy young people

"*Don't you think marriage, for girls in your position—with all the pressures of showbusiness—is always going to be difficult?*"

"I have seen so many young marriages which have broken up in this business, especially in Hollywood," said Elke. "There are very few happy young people. Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward are, perhaps, the only two young stars who have made it work for a long period. But then they both KNOW what they want.

"I really think that when you've found someone you love

terribly is having children . . .”

then it’s no use running around, as so many do, searching still further. So many of them seem to be doing this. Once you have found the thing you want you might as well give up searching and just have it and be happy . . .”

Elke continued: “The thing I miss terribly is having children. I really wish I had a child today who was about 3-years-old. It would be fabulous and make me the happiest girl on earth.”

Determined to make it

“*Have you ever thought to yourself how few girl stars have achieved stardom AND a happy married life, too*?

“Yes,” she said. “But I am determined to make it. I am young now and many young girls think a career is an important thing in life. It’s not with me. In the last year I’ve realised more and more that my private life and my personal happiness are the things that really count.

“Usually girls like me realise this too late and they have become a bit too hard, too tough and too independent.”

I asked Elke to tell me more about the boy who has captured her love.

“I can’t tell you his name,” she said. “It would not be fair to him. He’s a very serious person. But he’s not rich. He’s intelligent, though. And he’s determined to be a success.

“I think of him all the time,” she added. “And he knows I love him. One day soon I hope we’ll be together—but I must be patient.”

“Quite honestly I fear love. It would own me. But when I love there is no other woman for him. I would fill his life completely. I am jealous and possessive. So you see I must wait for a while.”

Mike Tomkies

Bergman (George Chakiris) suffers at the hands of the Nazis.

THE last war is still providing excellent subjects for the screen. In terms of individual human dramas, there is still much to be told.

The latest example is *633 Squadron*, filmed as a second tribute to the RAF by Hollywood's Mirisch Brothers. In their first, *The Great Escape*, the events were grounded along with the Air Force prisoners of war. Now the heroics—and there are plenty in this film—take place in the air and we are right there flying with these "633" men. A highly international mixed bag they are, too: Americans, Australians, Indians and Britons. For a change, there's not a Cockney in sight!

Yes, this time it is all blood, sweat and tears. There's not much room for comedy in this taut saga of a squadron's ironic reward for battle-brilliance. Instead of leave, well-earned, they're given "an urgent, most secret, most vital operation". That's how the Air Vice Marshal puts it.

Impossible, too, he might have added. For it certainly seems that way. At first . . .

George Chakiris as an idealistic young Norwegian resistance fighter, Erik Bergman, lays the problem at the RAF's door in 1944.

Hidden deep in a rock cliff at a fjord north of Bergen, Norway, is the problem—soon the most inflammable target of the war. For here is the secret plant that makes fuel for Hitler's latest rockets, whose launching pads are already built along the French coastline, aimed at Britain.

D-Day is fast approaching—and those pads must be made powerless. The seemingly impregnable plant must be destoyed. It is too heavily guarded for Norway's resistance men to attack it. It is too low to be blown sky-high by aircraft.

There's only one answer: the cliff face above must be bombed, until the cliff crumbles and drops down, right on top of Hitler's fuel-nest, crushing it completely.

Wing-Commander Roy Grant (Cliff Robertson) is the man chosen to do it—with his 633 Squadron. A cynical American, he learned his trade as a barnstormer doing aerial acrobatics in the States.

He is given just 17 days to train his men in the hazardous task of flying straight at the side of a mountain, banking steeply, dropping the bombs within inches of the target and "getting the hell out of it".

The bombs will travel on vertically—"all a matter of centrifugal force" says the Air Vice Marshal.

And it is during these Dam Buster-like practice runs over Scotland—and the explosive raid itself—that the film hits a brilliant peak. Director Walter Grauman takes you right up there . . . and down again . . . with the Mosquito fighter-bombers.

Thanks to John Wilcox's tremen-

Film of the Month

633 SQUADRON

Reviewed by Tony Crawley

Bergman with his resistance men in Norway.

dous aerial photography, you veer and bank with them. It's so realistic you find yourself searching for your air-sickness pills.

Not all the drama is airborne, however. It is also on the ground, with the men of the squadron. In Norway, with Bergman's resistance men. In England when his sister, Hilde, arrives. Hilde (Maria Perschy) stops the beery banter in the public bar with her first appearance. A ravishing blonde, in a red sweater, she looks stunning enough to stop the war itself.

But the spotlight is mostly on Bergman and Grant. The two men secretly respect each other, though they are completely different. Bergman has a happy past and looks to a bright future. Grant, hard and a true cynic, steers clear of happiness. However, he feels different when with Hilde. Even so, he tells her: "When you feel, you get hurt. And hurt others."

The greatest test for both men comes when Bergman is captured by the Gestapo on his return to Bergen. Rather than risk his talking about the mission, under torture—handed out by a brutish Nazi woman—Grant is ordered to bomb the building where Bergman is held. One man instead of many. It's the same old argument.

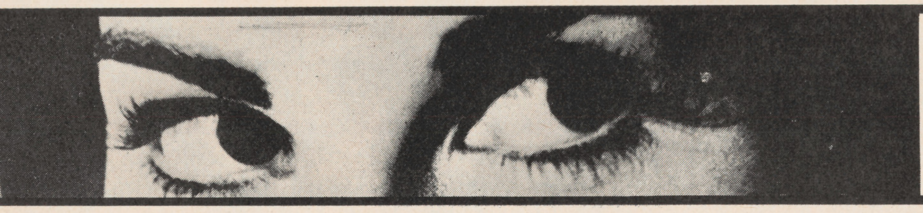
Neither in uniform for the first time on the screen, Cliff Robertson (who played the young Kennedy last year) and George Chakiris are ideal opposites and give honest performances. Between them, Maria Perschy is lovely as the angel in hell on earth.

An excellent follow-up to *The Great Escape*, *633 Squadron* is tough and realistic. It has been filmed in colour, but the starkness and futility of war is still captured on the screen. And, at times, it makes you sit up in horror.

The raid is on: Grant (Cliff Robertson) with navigator (Angus Lennie).

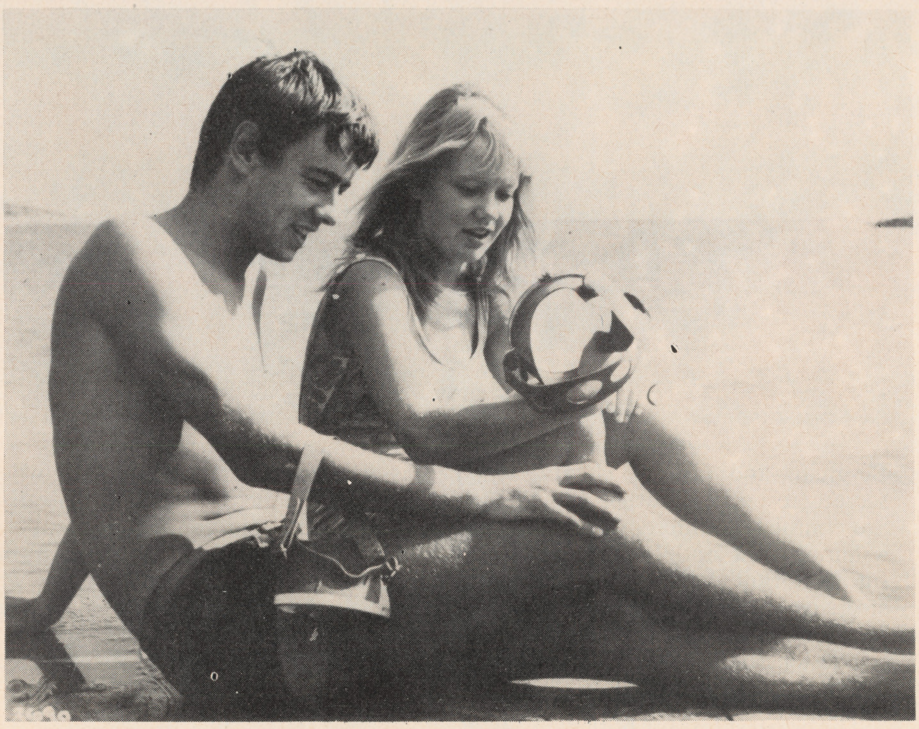
Maria Perschy plays Bergman's sister

book end.



Our roving reporter
keeps an eye
on the latest news,
gossip and casting

Hayley's co-star



WHO is this with Hayley Mills? Not George or Ringo, two of her recent London escorts. Not Frank Sinatra, Jnr., or Eddie Hodges, who are tops among her American dates. Then WHO is it?

Peter McEnery is the name. He's Hayley's co-star in her new film, *The Moonspinners*—a rip-roaring suspense-mystery from Walt Disney.

And a very romantic co-star Peter makes. During their many adventures on the island of Crete, Peter gives Hayley her first official screen kiss.

Actually, just for the record, Peter was beaten to this honour by Michael Anderson, Jnr., in *The Castaways*. But, to be strictly fair, Mike's 'kiss' was really a quick peck. Peter's kiss will go down in cinema-history as a much more polished affair.

Peter, 23, plays Mark Camford in the film. Mark goes to Crete to clear his name. It is alleged he is a jewel thief. His island hunt for the villain of the piece (Eli Wallach) turns to romance when he meets a jolly, young tourist—and that's Hayley, of course!

Another triumph for Forbes and Attenborough

Nanette Newman has proved, in recent years, that she is one of our brightest and most dependable young actresses. Without becoming a star, her career has quietly won for her the respect of many directors and producers.

Certainly producer Richard Attenborough and director Bryan Forbes had no doubt in their minds who to cast in the part of Mrs. Clayton in their new production *Seance On A Wet Afternoon.*

In the film, she is the mother of Amanda, a little girl kidnapped by a domineering woman medium (Kim Stanley) and her weak husband (Richard Attenborough) as part of a plot designed to win fame for the woman as a medium.

The film is a great triumph for Attenborough and Forbes. The acting is faultless and the direction keeps a tight hold of the situation and squeezes every ounce of drama out of the story.

Forbes, incidentally, particularly enjoyed directing the scenes which featured Nanette . . . she happens to be his wife.

Nanette Newman plays the mother of the kidnapped girl.

Janette changes—and it's no accident

In **The Beauty Jungle** *Janette Scott changes from a shy, average-looking brunette to a breathtaking blonde—and it doesn't happen by accident.*

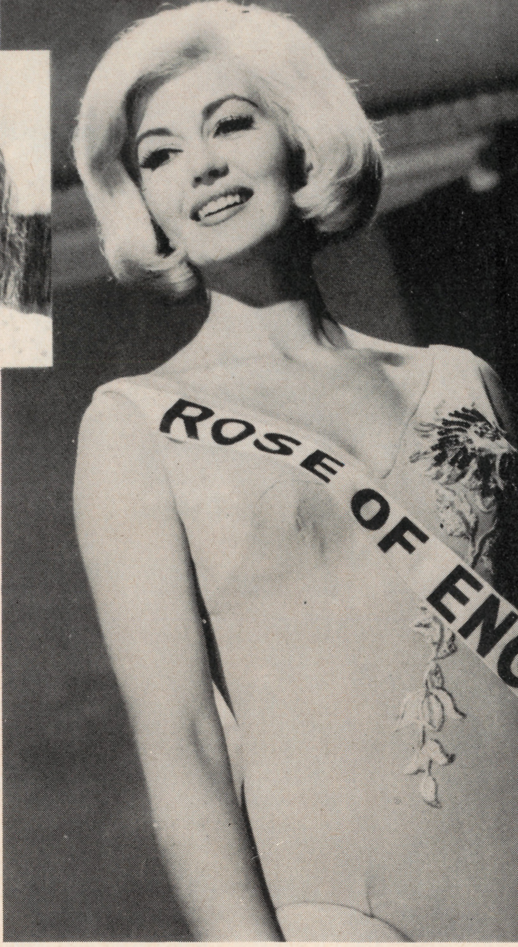
Janette plays a girl who gets mixed up in the beauty game. She enters a small contest—as the drab brunette—at the beginning of the film and wins it. From then on it's one contest after another—and as she wins each one the remarkable change takes place.

Two men were responsible for this change—hairdresser Biddy Chrystal and make-up man Tony Sforzini.

"We make-up men are reluctant to give secrets away," said Tony when I spoke to him about the amazing way Janette changes in the film. "But," he added, "you don't have to do much for Jan. It's all there. She's a lovely girl. In fact we had to play down her make-up at the beginning of the film.

"In the first stage of our operations she is still a brunette and she is supposed to be an average girl—and average girls use only average make-up. We used hardly any at all at the beginning and played down Janette's beauty. Later in the film she has to have a healthy, open air look. Again, with a girl like Janette, it wasn't difficult. She soon picked up a sun-tan on location at Cannes.

"Of course," he added, "I can't do the job alone. I have to work in co-operation with the wardrobe and hair specialists. But between us I think we made the change look convincing."



Before and after: Janette Scott as she appears in *The Beauty Jungle*

Cash Compliments

"The greatest compliment anyone can give me about my acting is to pay for it—in cash," said Michael Caine, whose portrayal of the arrogant guards officer in *Zulu* recently won him a Hollywood contract.

It was a tough statement. It sounded out of place coming from this cultivated young man with the blonde angel face.

Then I learned a few things about Michael Caine.

"I was born and bred in the Old Kent Road," he told me. "Ten years ago I was a labourer like my dad."

Caine is now 30, and has just started to make a name for himself, while many of his contemporaries are already well established.

Success has been a long time coming.

"In this business," he said, "you're either a king or a bum. I was a bum."

The thing Caine likes most about making pictures is the money.

"I've been doing artistic parts for peanuts for six years," he said. "And I've learned there's no such thing as art in this business. Nobody does it for love.

"Now I'm capable of earning decent money, I don't want to waste my time doing anything else."

Rock gets into some fishy problems

If there's one man who should be able to look after himself, come what may, it's Rock Hudson. He's a rugged, capable-looking fellow, if ever I saw one. Just the type to go sailing, hiking, camping-out . . .

Oh, yeah! Just go and see Rock's new film *Man's Favourite Sport?* It will damage that "rugged-type" image for you!

There's one particular scene that proves he's not the outdoor man you might think. Rock—as a bogus fishing expert—tries to set up camp on his own and he gets into a real pickle.

First he has to get the tent off his car-roof. Sounds easy enough. But not when all his pots and pans are also stashed away up there.

Then he thinks he has the answer to all his problems. A how-to-do-it book with his put-it-up-yourself tent. That makes things look easy enough. There are even pictures, so you just can't go wrong.

"You're joking, of course," moans Rock when the eastward facing pin drops across the A-to-B shackle—or is that the C-to-D drop-head shaft? It's a mess either way!

Fortunately Rock soon swops his tent for a luxury cabin at the lakeside Waka-poogee Lodge. He has to because his boss arrives and he must never find out that Rock, his star fishing equipment salesman and best-selling fishing-book writer, is a fraud. It's all quite a giggle.

SHOWTIME'S FILM GUIDE:

Man In The Middle: Robert Mitchum is ordered to defend a self-confessed G.I. killer of a British army sergeant in wartime India. Trevor Howard is the psychiatrist he calls in for vital evidence. The trial is exciting and Mitchum and Howard are brilliant.

Woman Of Straw: Sean Connery persuades Gina Lollobrigida to nurse and later marry his acid-tongued rich uncle, Sir Ralph Richardson. When he dies, she'll inherit £50 million. All he wants is £1 million. Or so he says . . .

Lillies Of The Field: Surprise success of the year, which won the Best Actor Oscar for Sidney Poitier. He's a travelling jack-of-all-trades, who finds himself helping a group of nuns to build their dream chapel. This is one of the warmest, happiest films of 1964.

The Chalk Garden: Hayley Mills grows up—into a real little horror of a teenager. She's taken in hand by governess Deborah Kerr, a woman with a secret. John Mills and Dame Edith Evans also star in this moving film.

A Jolly Bad Fellow: A research professor stumbles across a poison that leaves no trace. He uses it to get rid of a few people standing in his way. The trick is they all die laughing.

What should a girl do?

LEAVING HOME

Joy, aged 18, has a reasonably good job and plenty of friends. She isn't at loggerheads with her parents, she's not a rebel. But she'd like to see more of the world, widen her horizon. She asks—'*how can I get overseas, be sure of a job and know that my parents aren't worrying themselves sick over me?*'

Joy could join the Women's Royal Army Corps. Girls in the W.R.A.C. nowadays spend a lot of their time abroad—in Germany, the Mediterranean, the Near East, Singapore, and Hong Kong. They can get useful training in technical and specialist fields and they're well looked-after all the time. If Joy really wants to see how people on the other side of the world live, there's a good job waiting for her in the W.R.A.C.

THE OVER-25 BLUES

When should a girl feel she's been left behind? That's what's worrying Clancy who's just turned 26. She puts it like this . . . '*I'm not worried about marriage, "on-the-shelf" and all that. It's just that I want to meet a wider range of people and do more interesting work. What should I do about it?*'

What Clancy wants is a job that really uses her talents and offers her a proper challenge. The W.R.A.C. should suit her admirably. Over 30 jobs to choose from, better promotion prospects, the near certainty of going abroad, the friendliness and companionship. And security laid on.

YOU TOO

Have you ever asked yourself the questions these girls have asked? If so, the W.R.A.C. could be the right answer for you. Find out more about it: write today for further information.

The Women's Royal Army Corps

TO: THE DIRECTOR, W.R.A.C., DEPT. MP6(A) (SAT/W46A)
LANSDOWNE HOUSE, BERKELEY SQ., LONDON, W.1
Please send me further information about the W.R.A.C.

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THE FANTASTIC STORY BEHIND THE RAID THAT COULD WIN A WAR— OR LOSE A WORLD!

633 SQUADRON

THE MIRISCH CORPORATION presents **CLIFF ROBERTSON · GEORGE CHAKIRIS** Colour by TECHNICOLOR PANAVISION

"633 SQUADRON" Ⓐ co-starring MARIA PERSCHY · HARRY ANDREWS · DONALD HOUSTON

Directed by WALTER E. GRAUMAN • Screenplay by JAMES CLAVELL and HOWARD KOCH • Executive Producer LEWIS J. RACHMIL • Produced by CECIL F. FORD

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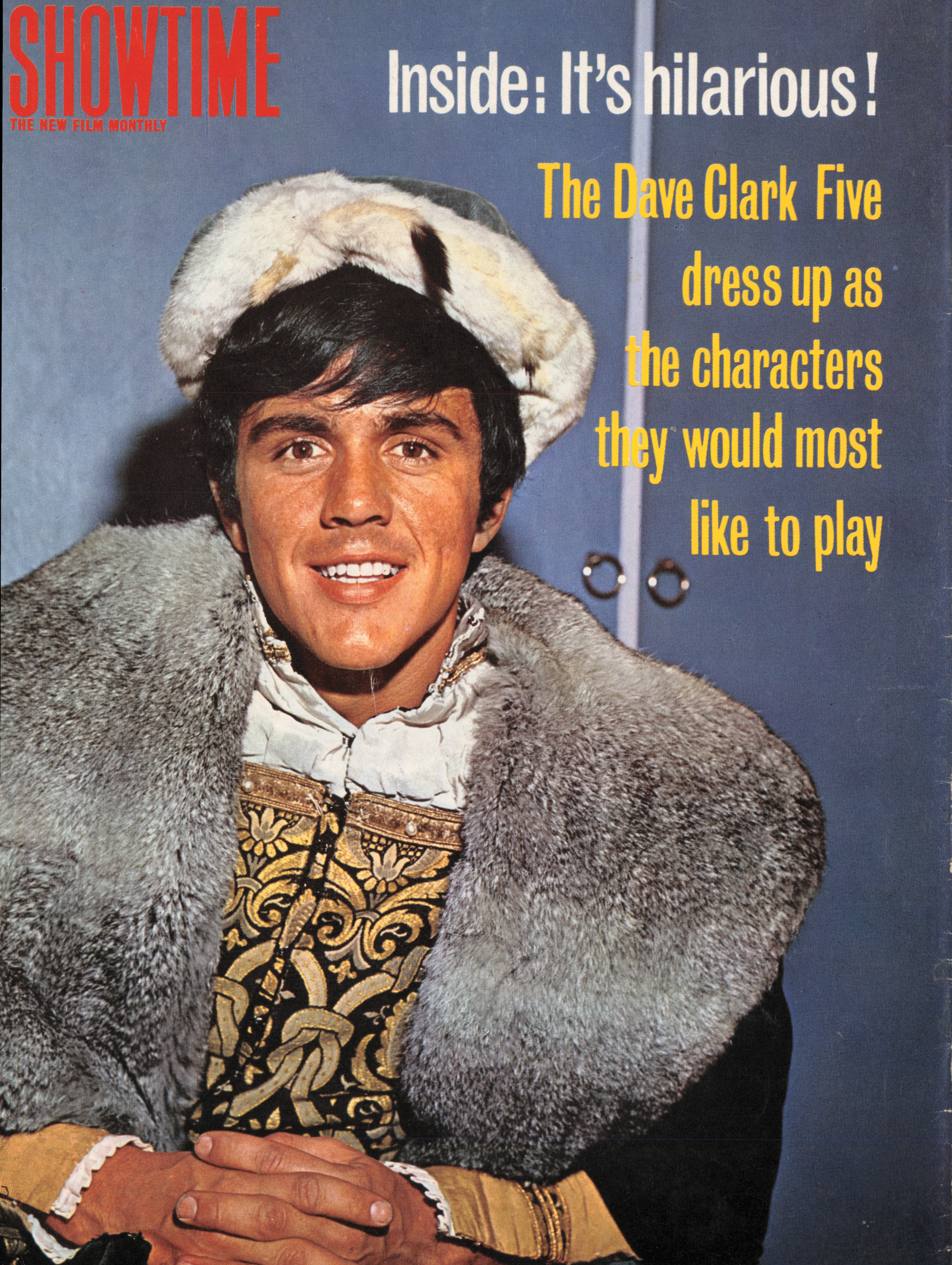
SHOWTIME

THE NEW FILM MONTHLY

Inside: It's hilarious!

The Dave Clark Five dress up as the characters they would most like to play